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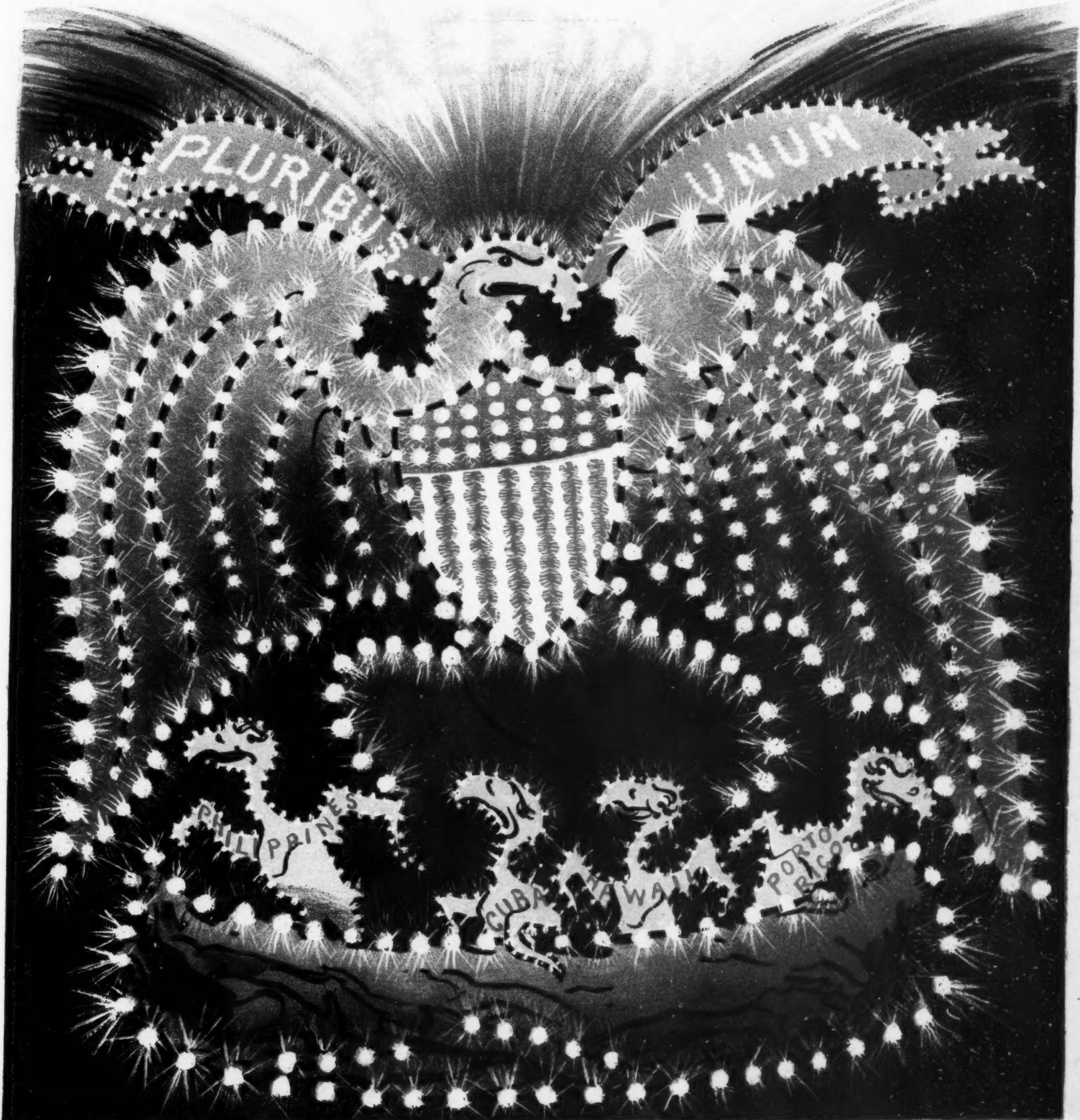
PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 3rd, 1901.

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JULY 4TH, 1901.



#### CELEBRATION.



THE morning breaks! — you hear it breaking;  
Nor blame it when there's such a shaking —  
All round the very earth seems quaking  
From clash and bang and roar.  
You know it is the Nation's natal  
Day, and the ever-honored date 'll  
By accidents from slight to fatal  
Be marked as heretofore.

There 'll be some costly conflagrations,  
Some antiseptized amputations,  
Some very painful lacerations,  
Some shredded cannoneers;  
Some extra patriotic speeches,  
Gestured with pugilistic reaches,  
That tell the lesson Freedom teaches  
To us, who have no peers.

To celebrate the Nation's glory  
That's told in poem, song and story,  
Its victories on war-fields gory,  
Its civic triumphs grand,  
We fill the anvil full of powder  
And make each boom a little louder,  
To satiation eat clam chowder,  
And listen to the band.

Wood Levette Wilson.



#### COMMENT.

"I 'll bet he 's blessin' dat dog!"  
"I 'll bet he is! Dere 's nothin' a feller hates wuss than  
bein' made look ridic'lus in de presence of goils!"

#### BROADWAY.

"I should think the strain would drive the gripmen insane."

"Now and then it does. Just the other day a gripman suddenly lost his reason and began stopping his car for everybody and anybody who chose to get on. Yes; he caused great excitement for a time, but the police managed to get him before any serious mischief was done."



#### IN THE YEAR 2500.

"All the documentary evidence," observed the historian, "indicates that Russia never intended to annex Manchuria."

"Just so," said his colleague. "We are forced to the conclusion that she annexed it unintentionally."

#### A LOGICAL GUESS.

FARMER GRAYNECK.—Wa-al, the Democratic party might do worse than nominate David B. Hill in 1904.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Yes; — and I guess it will.

#### IT MADE BUSINESS.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—What was the strawberry and ice cream social at the chapel given as a benefit for, last night?

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—I am not sure; but I guess it was to make business for the new doctor.

#### HIS STATUS.

FARMER GRAYNECK (*moodily*).—I d' know whether or not William Jennin's Bryan will ever be President, but—

FARMER HONK.—Wa-al, you are a durned hard man to convince, Peleg!



#### NO COMPETITION.

"Good-by, Stinger! Hope you 'll have a pleasant time!"

"I ought to. I've picked out a hotel that advertises 'no mosquitos,' so I ought to have the entire field to myself."

#### ARRIVED.

On the ocean the sunlight dances;  
The glad waves rush to the shore  
To welcome their queen, who advances—  
The Summer Girl's here once more!

#### SO IT SEEMS.

TELLER.—The complete list of this year's Fourth of July casualties is put at twenty-eight hundred persons.

GRIMSHAW.—When it comes to celebrating Independence Day the United States truly has people to burn.

SOMETIMES a public office is a public trust administered in the interest of a private trust.



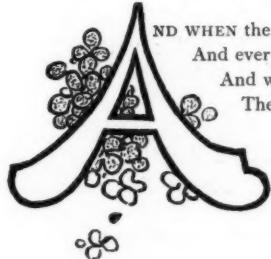
WHAT HAPPENED.

THE BACHELOR.—I was at a dinner once at which there were thirteen at table.

SHE.—Did anything happen?

THE BACHELOR.—Yes; two of them were married within a year.

THE "CRAB MAN."



ND WHEN the sultry night is born in ancient Baltimore,  
And every native, rich or poor, camps in the open door,  
And women of the southern grace stroll languidly and fan,  
Then comes that dark dyspepsia imp—the chanting  
"debbil" man.

"Crab-be! Crab-be! Crab-be!  
How many will yo' hab?  
Heah's yo' Debbil—Debbil—Debbil—  
Heah's yo' Deb-b-i-l crab!"

Strange mixtures in a reddened shell—each shell a picayune—  
He chants and sells his greasy wares until at last his tune  
Wafts to an echo, and he hies where misty dock lamps gleam,  
And with his basket to his cheek he murmurs in his dream:

"Crab-be! Crab-be! Crab-be!  
How many will yo' hab?  
Heah's yo' Debbil—Debbil—Debbil—  
Heah's yo' Deb-b-i-l crab!"

Victor A. Hermann.

HIS VOCATION.

"Shoutnyell is the most disagreeable man to argue with I ever saw."

"That's so! He's so positive that everyone who does n't agree with him is sure that he ought to be a clergyman."

HIS SUPERIORITY.

JOHNNY THICKNECK.—Clarence Richboy ain't so many!  
BOBBY ASKINGTON.—Why not?

JOHNNY THICKNECK.—Aw! He had mighty-near five dollars'-worth of fireworks an' I did n't have more 'n thirty-cents'-worth, but I 'm burnt three times as bad as he is!

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Drummer, is n't he?"

"Yes; confirmed. Why, he has been on the road so long that when he gets home and his wife hands him the biscuits at the dinner-table he immediately begins to flirt with her!"

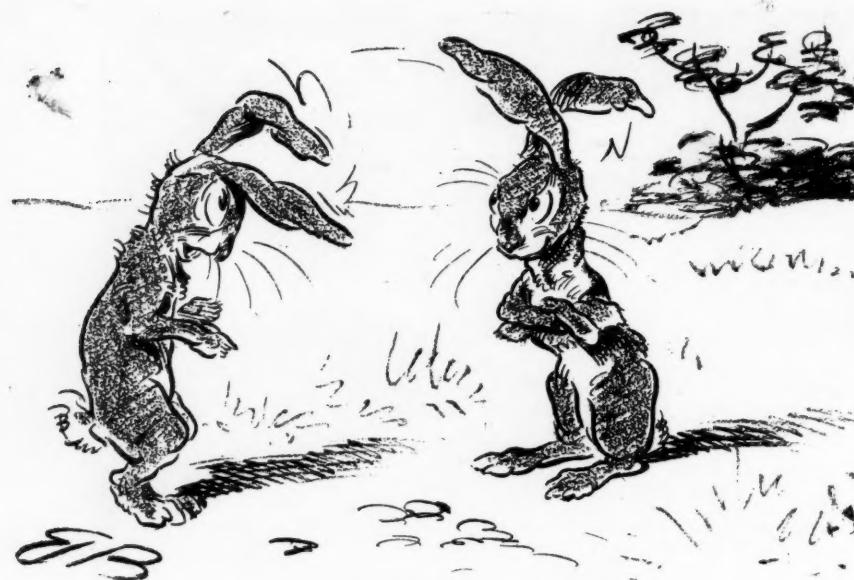


A WAGE PHILOSOPHER.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Der bookkeeper says if ve don't raise his salary he'll t'row up his job;—says he wants to get married!

SENIOR PARTNER.—Giff der lobster a raise, den! After he gets married he von't dare to t'row up his job, undt ve'll cut him down again!

## PUCK



### ACUTE MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Say, wife, I swallowed a little round white mushroom this morning and it feels like lead in my stomach!"

"Well, you jack—if you're so near-sighted you can't tell a mushroom from a golf-ball—you've got to suffer—that's all!"

### A VOCABULARIOUS GENIUS.

"H-YAH!" ejaculated the circus proprietor, as he slanted his resplendent plug-hat at an opulent angle; "that press agent of mine has got a head on his neck. He's a loorenah, that guy! We had gone up against it and bounced back so many times that it looked like we had a hoodoo on us for keeps. Biz fell sick and died; we got down to cuttin' the market reports out of the newspapers and feedin' 'em to the animals, and the whole damn aggregation was all ready to fall to staves, when this guy comes on the carpet.

"Said he did n't know anything about the show-business, but was willin' to learn; he'd just graduated from a village academy and wanted to broaden his horizon by seein' the world, and all that;—and, as I had n't nothin' to lose, I trooped him out.

"Well, blamed if he did n't whirl in and christen the old drag, in addition to its regular title of museum, menagerie and circus, a 'Monumesque and Gigantean Equescriculum and Hypolymiad,' in two-foot letters on every bill-board. And at every stand the

### DANGER UNFORESEEN.



MRS. JAYSON.—It's no use this beautiful old chair being up in the garret. I can easily have a new seat put in it.



II.  
"I have been so busy to-day that I have n't had a chance to look at the paper at all."



III.  
"That's it! No rest for the weary! There is Bridget calling me."



IV.  
MR. JAYSON.—I don't see any reason why this beautiful case of wax-fruit should remain unseen in the garret. I'll just dust it up and give it a place of honor. It belonged to my grandmother.

jays threw up their hands and mortgaged their cook-stoves, and fought to beat each other up to the ticket-wagon! We've been on velvet ever since, and it's that long-haired gee's vocabulary that done it for us!"

### A TOUGH PROPOSITION.

"All flesh is grass," said the *piers* landlady to her guests on the occasion of the death of a well-known citizen.

"If it is," responded the boarder at the far side of the table, who had been owing for some time, "I would hate to have to mow a meadow of that steak we had for breakfast this morning."

### THEIR SIMPLE MONETARY SYSTEM.

CHICAGOAN (*in London*).—How much is this book?

SHOP-LADY.—Three-an'-six, sir.

CHICAGOAN.—Well, that's nine, of course;—nine what?

### AT THE LINKS.

"Seems to me he has n't sufficient *sang froid*."

"*Sang froid*?"

"Well, you know what I mean—I can't translate it into Scotch."



### NOT SURPRISING.

AUNT GEEHAW (*from Hay Corners, in city department store*).—Lan'!

Ain't they never goin' tew bring me no change?

UNCLE GEEHAW (*placidly*).—Wall, M'riah,

I hain't surprised at the delay. Look at all the

ninety-eight-cent barg'ins you bought, an' "nines"

an' "eights" is mighty

tough figgers tew add up!

### HIS REPLY.

FRIEND.—What will you say to these charges of dishonesty?

CANDIDATE.—H'm! I shall say that I deprecate the introduction of personalities in this campaign.

### OF COURSE HE DID.

TEACHER.—Don't you know the meaning of "fray?"

PUPIL.—Sure! It means a scrap.

### BIRDS.

"Marriage seemed a lark, at first!"

"Yes?"

"And then came the stork!"



V.  
"That confounded table is so piled up with things I have no place to set this relic. Ah! I will set it in this chair; it will be safe here."



VI.  
"There, now! — \*\*\*\*\*! \*\*\*\*\*! ! ! ! "



VII.  
MRS. JAYSON.— Don't talk to me, John Jayson! You've seen that chair hundreds and hundreds of times, and knew there was no seat in it!

#### THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURIST.

"THE TIME is fast approaching," remarked the Ancient Mariner, "when personally-conducted parties will start for Yurrop. All of the agencies downtown are booking folks nowadays for Picturesque Paris, Beautiful Brussels, Limitless London, Hustling Holland and all other corners of the globe which one may be expected to reach on a \$200—all expenses included except wines purchased on board the steamer—ticket. People, about this time, have made the second advance payment on their entire passage and, by this time, also, they begin to talk familiarly of the Champs Elisess, the Boyce de Bologna, the Tooleries and Versails.

It is a treat to hear them; that is, if they are engaged in talking to someone else—not to yourself.

Every few days a group of them will descend upon the unsuspecting tourist agent and make his life one long period of bliss by asking questions. Is a stateroom just over the screw propeller considered a good place to sleep? Whereabouts on the ship is a lady least likely to be seasick? Are the inside rooms provided with windows; and, if not, why not? Are the \$100 rooms as good as those which bring \$150? Will it be necessary to do any tipping on board? All these, and many more, are fired at the man who does the personal-conducting. All of these he answers to the best of his ability; if not, necessarily, to the best of his knowledge.

It is on sailing day, however, that the personally-conducted tourist gets squarest in the public eye and in its way. He tries to look as if he knew a ship from bowsprit to sternpost, but fails dismally and is not even able to locate his own stateroom. When he finally reaches it and deposits his grip in the middle of the bunk he is unable to find his friends. When he sees them, they are on the wharf, waving and grinning. When the steamer



pulls out, the personally-conducted tourist seek out the keeper of the party, and asks him, very seriously, if he thinks the boat will get across on schedule time. The keeper of the party dotes on questions like that while the boat is passing Fort Hamilton, and so does the captain. The queries directed to the captain usually pertain to the likelihood of clear weather for the next seven days.

If a personally-conducted tourist is seasick, it is a splendid thing. He may not think so, but it is, just the same. A seasick tourist is harmless. He is also meek. A tourist who escapes the pangs of illness on his maiden voyage is the worst nuisance on the ship. He is like William Jennings Bryan on the rear end of a train. He is always talking and, like William Jennings Bryan, again, what he says always causes trouble.

The personally-conducted tourist, cursed with health, loves to wander all over the ship. First day out he stops saying 'down-stairs,' and substitutes 'going below.' He never retires. He 'turns in.' Third day out, he has mastered the difficulties of nautical geography and can say 'for'ard,' 'aft' and 'fo'c's'tle' just as if he knew what he was talking about. He thinks he knows spoon-drift when he sees it, notwithstanding the fact that his home is in Binghamton; and he reads the log-line every fifteen minutes to an admiring crowd when none of the ship's crew is around to hear. By-and-by people say, 'Mr. Simpkins must have crossed a great many times. He knows the sea so thoroughly.' And Simpkins does n't blush.

"Oh! but it's when he gets home that the personally-conducted tourist struts. He has a souvenir spoon from Paris, a plaid toothpick box, bearing a picture of Scott's monument, from Edinburgh, a set of views from London, and a Brussels lace handkerchief, wrapped in oil paper, which he proudly declares he smuggled in. For two weeks he walks with a roll in his gait and electrifies his admirers by remarking, 'Four bells at last,' every evening at tea time. Then, on the veranda, o' nights, he sits and tells the most marvelous stories of the Boyce de Bologna, the Champs Elisess and ancient Caylace."

Harry Hamilton.



BUT THE POEM WAS THERE.

"Ah! Miss Ruth, I hear you read a poem at your Commencement."  
"Oh, no, indeed! I wore it!"

# PUCK



## THE DANGERS OF SPECULATION.

"I jes' wish I cud make a pot of money on stocks!"  
 "Wal, yo' 'd drap it in de long run an' it 'd jes' spile all yer interes' in craps."

## A SKY LARK.

WO SUN DOGS were out for a mischievous scout  
 One night in the month of June,  
 And desrcied with a shout and with frolicsome rout  
 A cow jumping over the moon.  
 Oft before have we heard of this creature absurd;  
 A wicked old jumper was she,  
 A regular rabbit — a very bad habit,  
 As even a cow will agree.

Yelped the dogs: "Bow-wow-wow — we are after you now!"  
 And crossing the heavens they go.  
 "Moo-oo!" cried the cow. "What a terrible row!"  
 "It thunders!" said people, below.  
 And the bovine, alack! has never come back,  
 So far was she chased ere day.  
 But her headlong career is made perfectly clear  
 By the course of that Milky Way.

Edwin L. Sabin.

## MANY OF THE SAME SORT.

ASKINGTON.—Do you believe in air-ships?

TELLER.—Well, to a certain extent. For instance, the yacht that Gableby is going to own in the near future is one of 'em — a hot-air ship.



"I've just had a bath. I was looking for you in the water."  
 "You do waste a lot of time, Cholly!"

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

"What is your name, please?"  
 "Gigadab Gagadib."  
 "\_\_\_\_ ? ? ?"

"Yes, I presume it does sound rather queer. No, I am not any kind of a foreigner. Yes; I invented it myself. You see, my parents bestowed upon me the name of a public man at the time when he was going up like a rocket, and it stuck to me after he had come down like a stick. By-and-by he was forgotten and my name ceased to be a reproach and a provoker of mirth; and then my fellows began to call me 'Skinny.' During my courtship my sweetheart called me one thing and another, including her 'sturdy oak' and 'demigod,' and all such as that; but soon after our marriage she began to address me as 'You, there!' Now I am a widower and have, after much study, selected for myself a cognomen which I believe is not the name or title of any person or thing on earth or in the waters under the earth, and which has no strings or stings to it."



## EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

THE FISH.—Dear me! This certainly ought to be a lesson to both of us!

## FACT IN FICTION.

"Of making many books there is no end" —  
 This truth would be as maddening as it looks  
 Did not this joyous fact its succor lend:  
 One season sees the end of many books!

# PUCK



## PUCK

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS "GLORIOUS FOURTH." IN OUR large cities of late years the color of July 4th has faded nearly to the neutral tint of other holidays. It has become like them a day of raw leisure to be worked up by the individual after his own taste. Aside from the small boy's deathless passion for explosives and the politician's belief that the time is propitious for pipe-laying, the day would have scarcely a mark of its own in the crowded centres. To catch anything like the early flavor of it we must go to the small towns, and, preferably, to the villages; for only in these will be found the extreme naiveté of the Fourth of July spirit. In the cities we are apt to become a little world-hardened to the emotions of patriotism; or, at best, schooled to their dissembling, perhaps with an affectation of cynicism for a weakness so old-fashioned. But in the country they give in to their patriotism and are not ashamed before one another. There the day is still held as one of inspiring memories whose freshness may be testified to fittingly not but by flags and processions, the reading of a certain Document and an unparalleled display of pyrotechnics in the evening.

\* \* \*

The orator out there is n't afraid to "cut loose." A recent graduate of the nearest academy, or perhaps a lawyer from the county seat, he knows his people and he will studiously not avoid heroics. With the air of one making an affirmation that may send him to the stake, he declares that this is a Free Country. He challenges contradiction on that point, and really it would not be safe to contradict him right there. An anti-Imperialist, for example, who might rashly talk back, would have his name in the papers next day in a news item headed "Another Victim of Mob Violence." The assemblage thrills as it has ever thrilled to hear again that, "When in the course of human events" certain acts became necessary, the necessary persons were there to bleed in their performance. The country orator, who knows every speech of Daniel Webster by heart, will use the phrases "proud bird of freedom" and "this starry emblem of our sacred liberties" with a confident brazenness that no mere city orator would dare. All the platitudes will have his attention in their turn, and his peroration will be spread-eagle to the last possible inch of expansion. His fellow citizens, when he has finished, will applaud him very earnestly. To them it is no mere trick of speech to say that this is "a free country." They really believe it is free and they take a pride in its freedom. They have a notion that the country is as free as they are; and another notion that they are wholly free. They respect the Constitution, but they do not forget their relationship to it. They consider that the Constitution was made for man; not man for the Constitution. They know it has had to be changed as their needs changed, and that the best safeguard against revolution is their privilege to change it again when they will. They know, in short, that they are "free." Scientifically, the word is a bit inexact; but it still has the vital meaning for them.

\* \* \*

It is this capacity for the trite emotions of patriotism, and this really accurate perception of the basis of our government, that preserve the great body of the people from the political quacks of the day. Mr. Bryan, with his theatrical patter from the days of the French Revolution, is too absurdly wide of notorious facts to be taken seriously. The crowds that will listen to the usual Fourth of July oration this year know that his talk of Empire is silly. They

know they could vote an Emperor out of office if one got in by chance. Since the power is so entirely in their own hands they refuse to fear that any clique may conspire to enslave them. They refuse to believe that every man has not an equal chance with his fellows so far as equality may be secured by the artificial devices of government. Especially are they convinced of this by the circumstance that the men who have most began with least; that those now most denounced by mouthers of woe as plotting against the "plain people" are the plainest of people themselves, and themselves the best answer to the charge that the "plain people" are hampered;—men who began not even in "moderate circumstances," but in the direst of poverty.

\* \* \*

It would be a fine thing this year if we could all run off to the country and attend a good old-fashioned celebration, from parade to fire-works, not omitting the Declaration of Independence, the patriotic address by the Hon. Seth Turner and the basket picnic in Watkins's Grove. We wish Mr. Bryan could attend one with not a thing but his ears open; and we would engage seats near the speaker's stand for at least a couple of dozen of his fellow sufferers from the delusion that this Republic has come to its last days. What they need to have impressed on them is that patriotism of the old-fashioned kind, like Father used to make, is still abundant and still very intelligent. If they only knew this they might contrive to be fewer kinds of pessimists.

## CAN'T BE STOPPED.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Of course, the Supreme Court has the final say—

SECOND CITIZEN.—Final nothing! Why, the editors are saying things yet!

## TRUSTS.

"And urban congestion!" said the Conservative, sarcastically. "Perhaps you blame the Trusts for that, also?"

"Certainly!" said the Radical. "The Quinine Trust has boosted prices until only the very rich can afford to live anywhere except in the city!"



JUSTICE—TWO KINDS.



THE FARMER TYPE OF THE PAST AND—



THE MODERN MACHINE FARM OPERATOR.



THE JOLLY OLD TIME JACK TAR AND—

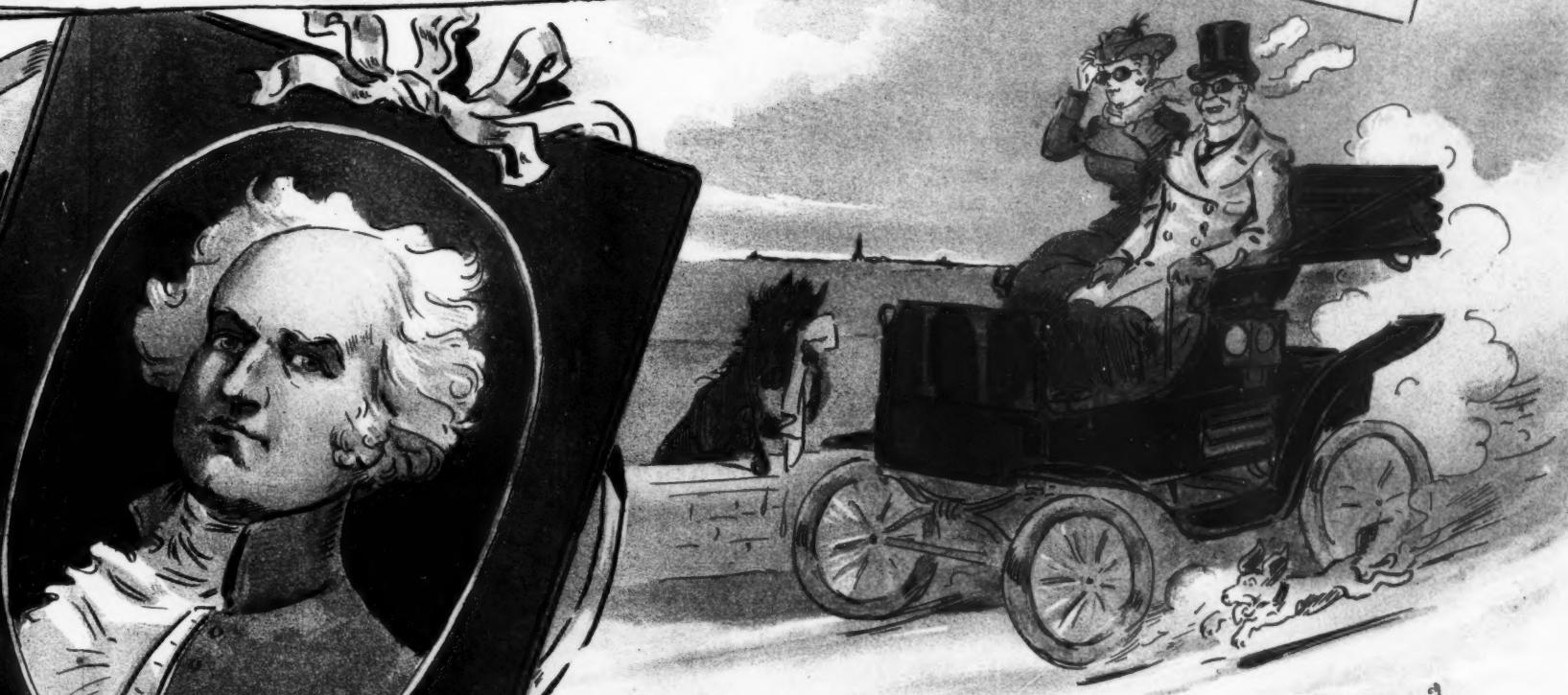
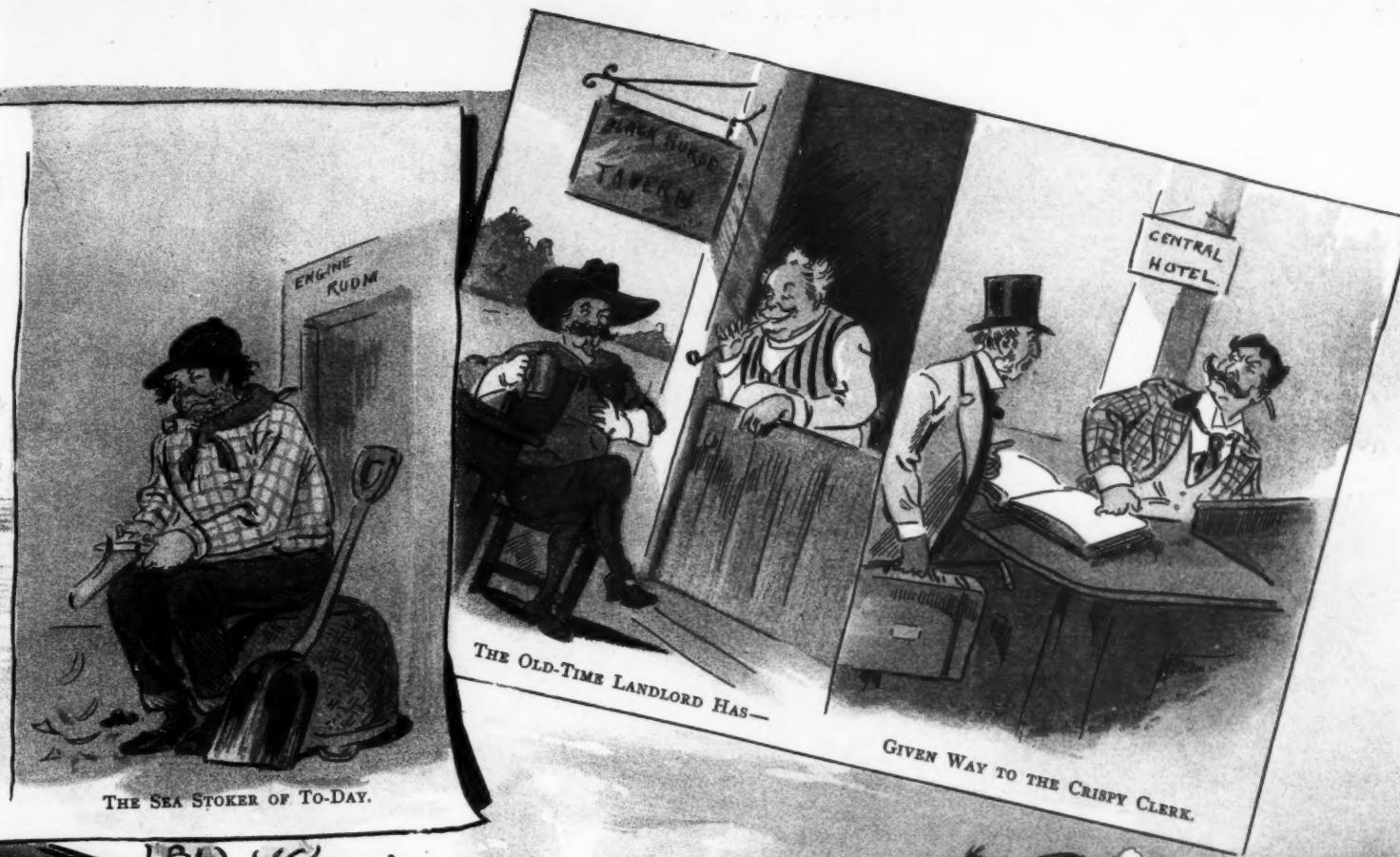


YE ANCIENT STAGE COACH IS—

THE HORRIBLE PHOTO-  
PORTRAIT OF PRESENT AND—  
THE FINE OLD GIL-  
L...

DEAR OLD BROADWAY OF YORE AND—

THE PASSING OF THE



THE FINE OLD GILBERT STUART  
PORTRAIT OF YESTERDAY.

OF THE PICTURESQUE.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

## PUCK

A "WORM" THAT TURNED.



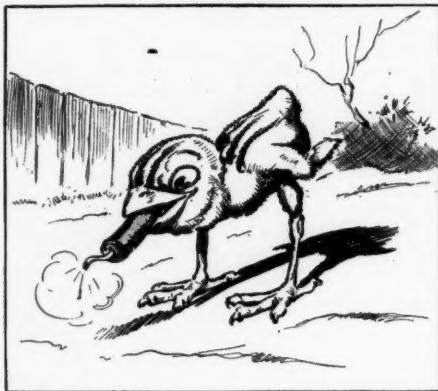
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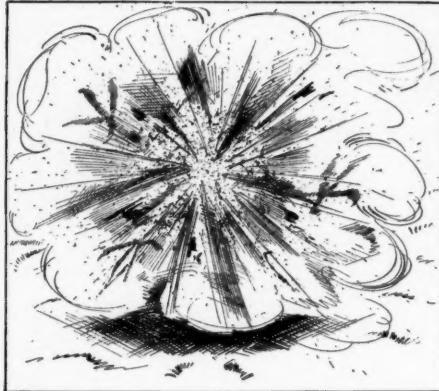
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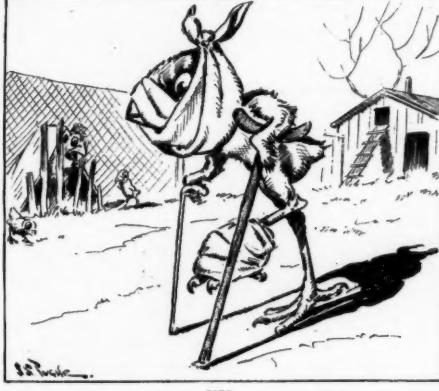
VI.

### JULY THE FOURTH.

Oh! This is Independence Day!  
Our proud land scorns to own the sway  
Of queen or king!  
And louder may the Eagle scream  
When we've o'erthrown— Oh! blissful  
dream!—  
Each boss and ring!

### HIS OPINION.

"Truth," said the aged historian, "is stranger than fiction, but it is n't anything like as lucrative as historical fiction!"



VII.



### HIS EXCUSE.

"Hast thou not neglected the service of Bacchus?"  
"But, good Faun, what could I do? Thou dost not know my wife!"

### UNRECOGNIZED.

The wise look dismal, I surmise,  
Because folk won't believe they're wise.

### PROVISIONED.

"Did little Jim enjoy that children's  
party?"

"I guess so. He was n't hungry until  
the next afternoon at four  
o'clock."

### EXACTING.

FIRST SUMMER GIRL.  
—Oh! I broke off the  
engagement! He was so  
unreasonable!

SECOND SUMMER GIRL.—Indeed?

FIRST SUMMER GIRL.—Oh, yes! Why,  
he objected on my going to a moonlight  
drive with another man!



### LOOKING BACKWARD.

Here we made bold to ask why the  
street railways, in the twenty-second cen-  
tury, should follow such devious routes.

"For the sake of speed," explained our  
guide, courteously. "Motormen will run much faster  
around corners than where the line is straight."

Now, this principle had been vaguely understood even  
in our time, but nobody had as yet thought to give it any  
practical application.

### HIS OPINION.

FIRST OFFICE-BOY.—De boss says if I take an  
interest in me work I'll git ahead.

SECOND OFFICE-BOY.—Hully gee! Dey want yer  
to take as much interest in yer work as in yer pay!

THE MAN who does n't know when he is whipped would  
be more popular if he were not so insistent about display-  
ing his ignorance.



HIS ANNUAL TASK.

CHOLLY.—Anything booked for the Fourth, deah boy?  
FERDY.—Nawthing but to cable me annual apology to King Edward, ye know!

AFTER THE ELECTION.

"My friend," said the solemn-looking individual, "is it possible that you have abandoned the Prohibition party?"

"Certainly not," said the other man. "I voted the ticket this year."

"Then the wicked election inspectors counted you out. The returns showed no Prohibition votes from the Steenth district."

"But I moved out of that district six months ago."

"Ah! That explains it. My heart sank when I missed that old familiar vote from the Steenth."

BUFFALO.

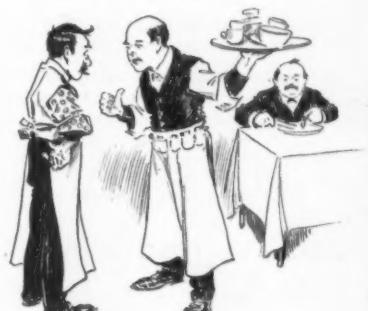
"What distinguishes us from the common herd—"

Here the Buffalo man gestured comprehensively in the direction of the Exposition, which indeed betokened enterprise, "—is our hump!"

DOING NOTHING ELSE.

"We might as well submit to the inevitable," said his friend.

"Of course," said the Chinese statesman; "but there are so many different kinds of it! Why, we're working overtime submitting to the inevitable!"



IN THE BEANERY.

THE WAITER.—'T ain't de waitin' he's kickin' about—it's de grub.

THE PROPRIETOR.—Oh! Well, if dat's all, let him kick!

PEACE, ETC.

The heathen betrayed some irritation when we lodged our demand for indemnity.

"And is this the religion of the Prince of Peace?" they sneered.

"Of peace with honor!" replied we, keeping our temper admirably.

HOW 'D YOU LIKE TO BE THE ICE-MAN?

CHATTERTON.—The iceman says that, next year, in addition to selling coal in the Winter, he intends handling a line of Summer underclothes.

MRS. CHATTERTON.—What is his idea, pray?

CHATTERTON.—Well, there's a time between when people burn coal and before they begin to take ice, when they are all foolish enough to buy Summer underclothes and put them on.

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Your family are entitled to its protection; and  
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The Annual Premium, according to rates now in force, on a \$1,000 Profit-sharing Whole Life Policy, according to age nearest birthday is

Age 20,	\$19.02	Age 25,	\$21.27	Age 30,	\$24.13	Age 35,	\$27.83	Age 40,	\$32.68	Age 45,	\$39.16	Age 50,	\$47.99	Age 55,	\$60.11
21,	19.43	26,	21.79	31,	24.80	36,	28.69	41,	33.82	46,	40.71	51,	50.12	56,	63.04
22,	19.86	27,	22.33	32,	25.50	37,	29.00	42,	35.04	47,	42.36	52,	52.38	57,	66.17
23,	20.31	28,	22.90	33,	26.23	38,	30.57	43,	36.33	48,	44.12	53,	54.79	58,	69.52
24,	20.78	29,	23.50	34,	27.01	39,	31.89	44,	37.70	49,	46.00	54,	57.37	59,	73.09
												50,	57.37	60,	76.91

Cash Dividends reduce cost to policy-holder—No increase in Annual Premium after Policy is issued.

If you would like full information regarding this or any other Policy, fill out the following form and send it to the Home Office of

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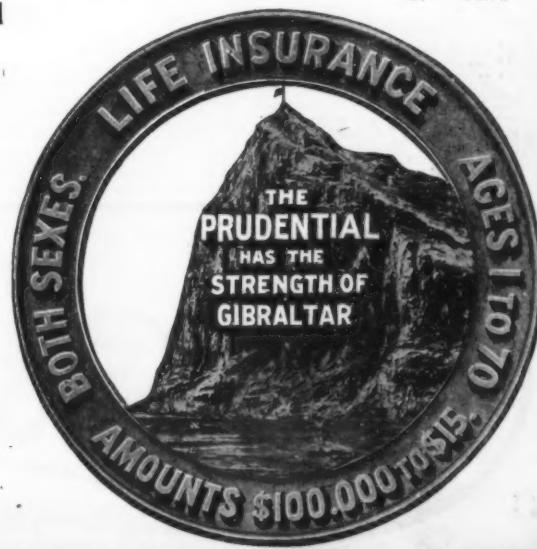
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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



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FARMER WHIFFLETREE.—I did n't know as you took Summer-boarders.

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When you are sickly and weak you fall behind in the race of life. Keep in front by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

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BEFORE you can know a man by the company he keeps you must learn his company's opinion of him.—Indianapolis News.

ANY place with just the right pair in it is as much of a paradise as was the Garden of Eden.—Good Cheer.



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eliminates the amylic alcohol, and as the whiskey is made from selected grain and is carefully distilled, it insures the richest product and an

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They stretch only when you do, and do not lose their stretch as others do. They're handsome, durable, sensible, and as comfortable and effective after long wear as when new. The Chester at 50 cents is the best at any price, though we have cheaper models for a quarter. All are GUARANTEED. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Dearborn Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. Branch Factory, Brockville, Ont.

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When you order beer, name the kind that you want. Some kinds pay your dealer more profit than others; the kind that pay best are the poorest.

One beer costs twice as much to brew as another; the prices to you are alike. You may as well get the best.

We could save a third on the cost of our hops and barley, if we used the poorer grades. But the taste and worth would be lacking.

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We cool Schlitz beer in plate glass rooms, in filtered air. That is costly.

Then we filter every drop of the product. After we bottle and seal it we sterilize every bottle.

If you want a pure beer, order Schlitz --the beer that made Milwaukee famous.

Pure beer is healthful; poor beer is harmful. Don't let your dealer decide which you get.

Call for the brewery bottling.

J. L. STACK



PATIENCE.—Did you notice how light her heart was?

BEATRICE.—Yes; perhaps she's struck another match. — *Yonkers Statesman*.



A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine.

—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

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There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous smart,  
He never tried to get there till  
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—*Detroit Free Press*.

### THE MODERN WAY.

"Have you finished your book?"  
"Yes."  
"Looking for a publisher?"  
"No; I'm looking for an advertiser."  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

COMEDIAN.—Why did the supernumerary leave the company?

SUE BRETT.—Because she could not obtain a speaking part.

COMEDIAN.—Has she got one now?

SUE BRETT.—I presume so. She married the manager. — *Norristown Herald*.

A NEW YORK preacher says that as an intoxicant Jamaica ginger is only rivaled by applejack. This is not designed to be a tip to prohibition towns, but it may be so taken.—*Indianapolis News*.

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps.  
Dr. Siegert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters.

WHEN people say they will help you in a time of trouble, thank them, and don't count on it.—*Atchison Globe*.

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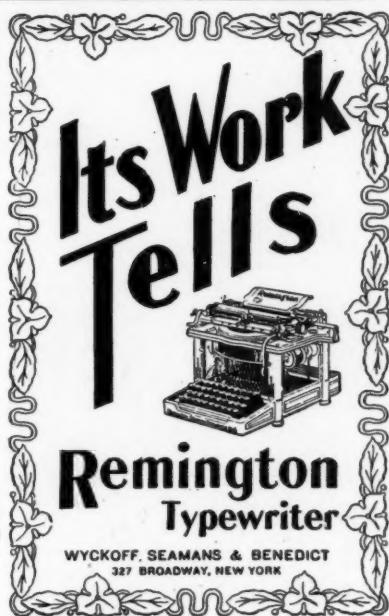


AN OPTIMIST'S CONFESSION.

I'm cheerful on all dreary days—  
The reason you will never guess;  
'T is just one of my crooked ways—  
I'm cheerful from contrariness.

—Detroit Free Press.

EVEN the *Commoner* will have to admit that Aguilano did n't make a George Washington finish.—*Washington Post*.



We envy a baby: when a baby is wakeful at night, the women don't look at each other, as much as to say, "Bad conscience," as they do with the men.—*Atchison Globe*.



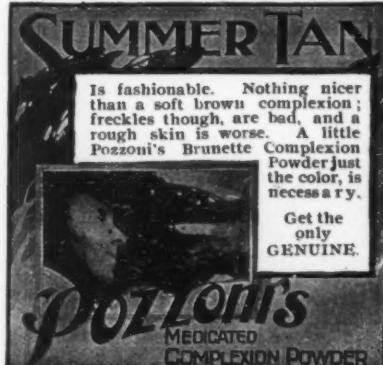
MRS. HIGHTONE.—I hear that your new Rector is very popular.  
MRS. DE STYLE.—Popular? Yes, indeed! Why, we are thinking of having his sermons dramatized!

Soothes the Stomach  
Quenches the Thirst  
Sharpens the Appetite  
Fills All Wants

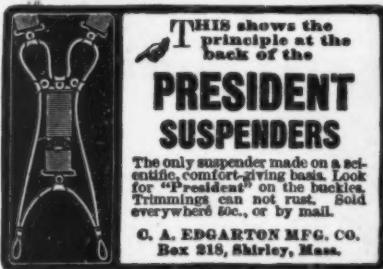
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For Picnics For Yachting  
For Fishing For Golfing  
For Camping For Traveling  
Everywhere.



A WOMAN is not satisfied with her social average unless she can call cold slaw "salad" every time she goes to the bat.—*Washington Post*.



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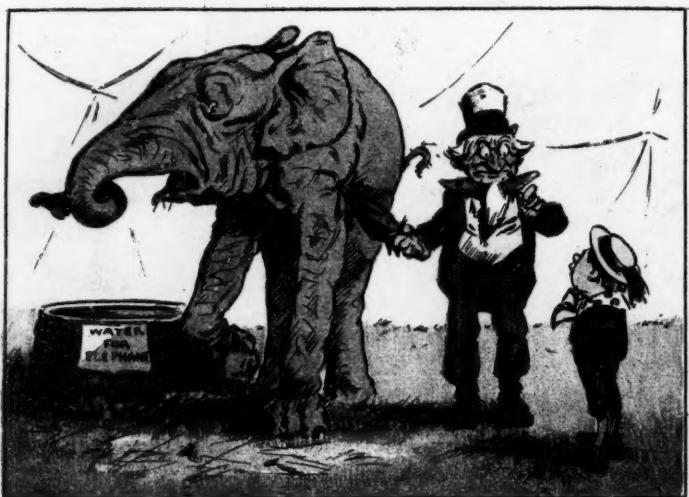
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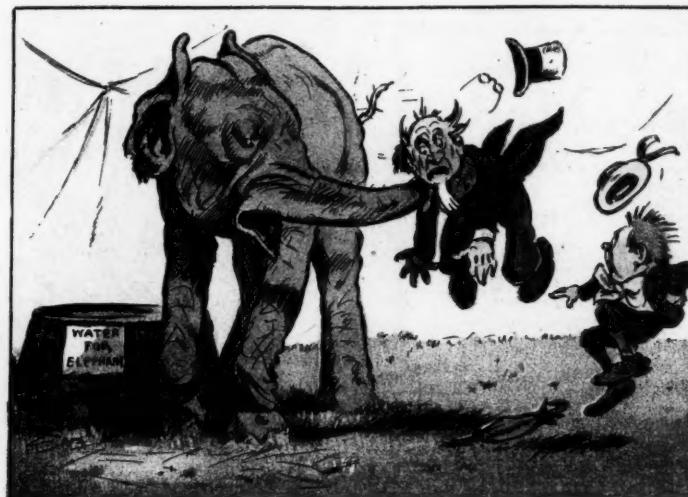
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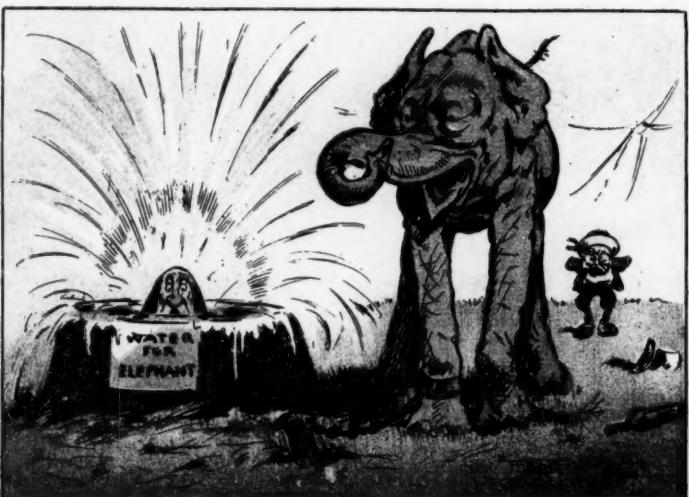
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